

1600/49
A
CHINESE TALE.

Written Originally by that

PRIOR of CHINA

The facetious *Sou ma Quang*,

A Celebrated MANDARINE of LETTERS;

Under the TITLE of

CHAMYAM TCHO CHANG,

O R,

Chamyam with her Leg upon a Table.

First translated by a famous Missionary:

And now Re-translated by a SOCIETY of LINGUISTS.

Inscribed to *Thomas Dawson Esq;* Cornet in Lieutenant-General *Honeywood's* Dragoons.

Price One Shilling.

With a curious Frontispiece, taken from a large *China* Punch-Bowl just come over, in that Gentleman's Possession; Design'd and Engrav'd by Mess. *Gravelot* and *Scotin*.

Price One Shilling.

The whole recommended to all Virtuosi and Curious Inspectors into Nature, whether of Crocodiles, Chimpanzees, Rhinoceroes, Anatomical Figures—*cum multis aliis.*

N. B. The Print will be sold for 2 s. 6 d. singly.

Vos cogitatis de me malum, sed Deus vertit illud in bonum.

Joseph to his Brethren.

Si on trouve mon Livre Mauvais, je consens qu'on le blame, & même qu'on le fasse brûler, comme fit autrefois Neron les Satyres de Fabricius Veiento, & le Senat Romain les Livres de Cremutius Cordus.

Venetie.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. COOPER in *Fleetstreet*; and sold by the Pamphlet-sellers of *London* and *Westminster*.



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OFFICE

The Secretary

A Circular

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A.

CHINESE TALE.

SAY, Muse! what has the largest Share

I'th' Composition of the Fair:

What is that Universal Failing,

In Man and Woman so prevailing?

What is't induces Maids to try

The State of lost Virginity?

Or what that raises in young Miss

A Titter, when she sees Folks kifs?

What makes the Tell-tale Bell be ty'd

To Bed of Bridegroom and the Bride?

B

What

What makes her listen at the Door?
 And eager count one, two, three, four?
 Then mutter in surprising Tone,
 The Man's bewitch'd! what has he done?
 What is't she feels when bid to go,
 And things are said she must not know?
 'Tis that Propensity to pry
 In each forbidden Mystery:
 That Impulse eggs the Sex to all
 The Mischiefs into which they fall:
 That prompts to taste 'twixt Man and Man,
 And in one word, know all they can:
 'Tis what stops *Ajax*, styl'd the Proud,
 To know the Meaning of that Croud:
 'Tis what the Reader feels, no doubt,
 Asking what this can be about?
 'Tis that first Passion of the Mind,
 Strongest among the Female Kind:

'Tis



'Tis Curiosity, in fine,
Descended in successive Line.

IN every Age, in every Clime,
Quite down to us from *Adam's* Time;
Woman is Woman, and all have
This Leaven of their Mother *Eve*;
Five thousand Years, and ten times five,
And Millions more, were Folks alive,
The curious Itch would still perplex
Th' inquisitive and softer Sex;
Who if prohibited would grow
The more impatient still to know.
It acts in *Africk's* tawny Dame,
And wild *American* the same;
Europa's Daughters taste the Tree;
Nor is the *Asiatic* free.

THE

THE Prelude this----And now we haste
 To give a Tale in *Chinese* Taste,
 By *London Bootle* just brought over
 From *Canton* first, and thence to *Dover*.
 It pass'd at *Pekin's* mighty Court;
 To th' Emperor afforded Sport
 From thence, suppose it soon got air,
 And made a Theme for *China* Ware:
 A spacious Bowl of mighty Brim,
 Contains the finely pencil'd Whim.
 The worthy Owner, jovial Youth,
 Is ready to subscribe the Truth:
 A Hundred fold, I guess ere long,
 He'll fill it to his Birth-day Song.
 Besides the Fact's attested true
 By Captain, Mate, and all the Crew;
 Of which behold, if you can trust
 An Author, a Translation just.

A Latitude we take indeed ;
 But only where the Sense has need.
 The *Chinese* Idiom we express,
 The rather in an *English* Dress :
 We clear up where we find the Text
 Is dark, and any way perplex'd :
 For what is barren, dull, and dry,
 With our Invention we supply ;
 Which is no more than what we hope
 We've good Example for----viz. *Pope*.

THE bright *Cham-yam*, that is to say,
 A Beauty of perpetual Day,
 Belong'd to Court----A Maid of Honour---
 None ere as yet had got upon her---
 A most inviting Tit, and dainty,
 As ere was seen 'twixt twelve and twenty.

She reign'd the Toaft of ev'ry Smart;
 She'd every Grace, and ev'ry Art;
 Where e'er ſhe came ſhe was admir'd;
 Whoever ſaw her ſtrait was fir'd.
 Among the reſt a *Mandarine*,
 Or *Lord*, beheld her all divine:
 Her Votary he now became,
 Fell proſtrate to the fickle Dame.
 Loud were his Vows, his Speeches many---
 He whin'd---She call'd him Love's poor Zani!
 He waſted many a Sigh and Tear---
 She took a pride to be fevere;
 Laught at his Sorrows---ſtill was cruel,
 Which only added to the Fewel,
 Till a mere Shadow he became,
 And Court and Country all cry'd Shame!
 No Remedy, no Glimpſe of Hope,
 Except the laſt ſure Friend---a Rope:

For

For Conquest she must gratify;
 What is't to her if Fools will die?
 To Rivers, Woods, to Rocks, and Stones,
 To these he vents his plaintive Moans,
 To sooth the Agony of Grief,
 And just when dying came Relief:
 When least expected too it came,
 A Judgment on the flinty Dame.

Pinkin---or rather if you please
 Her *Abigail*---so the *Chinese*---
 A shrewd, an arch, a simpering Jade,
 Comes opportunely to his Aid;
 For there, as here, when Money moves,
 They can bewail ill-fated Loves.
 The comic Leer was in her Eye,
 Between the whimsical and fly.

How pale, she cries! How dismal grown!

Does this besit a Man o'th' Town?

Away these Looks! throw off the sad!

I vow, my Lord, you make me mad.

I grant your Case is very moving;

None ere endur'd so much for loving:

I blame my Lady---but no matter---

I know a way you may come at her.---

Well---what strange Pranks we Women play!

Behind the Curtain that's to lay.

I'll say no more---but I know what!

She has her Whims, I'll tell you that.

Take my Advice-----Without a Jest,

Infalible 'twill ease your Breast.

In vain, fond Girl! his Lordship cries

With all-desponding, deep-sunk Eyes:

How

3

She

She will not quit the conquering Field :

Perhaps at Thirty she may yield.

No more despairing, good my Lord !

As well you may fall on your Sword.

I'll lay my Life on the Success ;

Or may I suffer your Distress.

Indeed I must be false----what then ?

My Pride's to serve the worthy Men.

Confucius knows they're vastly rare----

Come, come---we have no time to spare.

My Lord approving what she said,

Roupies a hundred promptly paid,

And promis'd on the happy Hour

She put her Lady in his power

A thousand more---The Bargain fo---

And now to fair *Chamyam* they go.

D

BEHOLD

BEHOLD the ' Tyle-resplendent Wing !
 That holds the vain, the wanton Thing.
 Ye *British* Nymphs ! which of you, say,
 Can greater Elegance display ?
 Shew Furniture that's more polite,
 Tho' *France* and *Italy* unite ?
 Dragons the Cieling does unfold,
 Japann'd and carv'd with Flowers of Gold.
 The Wainfcot of an Emerald-green ;
 Pictures of modern Taste are seen.
 The Catalogue is very curious ;
 Originals---Not one is spurious :
 Besides Antiques excessive rare,
 And to be sure excessive dear.

ONE has a Curtain drawn before it ;
 The Belles are ready to adore it !

The Imperial Palace at *Pekin* is cover'd with varnish'd Tyles.

A ² *Priapus*---And next to that,
 Another, cover'd with a Hat.
Diana bathing; and a *Helen*,
 Whom *Paris* is all over smelling.
 The ³ Goddeffes on *Ida's* Mount,
 Contending who's the finest ****.

Apollo instituting ⁴ Races :

A Match between three Gods and Graces ;

The Muses naked at the Post,

Deciding who has won, who lost ;

The Plate three Rings of all their Hair,

And two rich Stones *en Solitaire*.

Then

² It is to be observed here, the *Chinese* Author, in describing this Cabinet of Curiosities, brings his Allusions from the Learning and Customs of his own Nation, which we have omitted as being uncouth ; but the Reader may be assur'd we have lost nothing of their Spirit, though we have adapted them to the *European* Literature, as being more familiar : for Instance, where the learned *Chinese* brings in Pagods, we have introduced Heathen Gods, &c. which Deviation we apprehend is doing no material Injury to the Original.

³ Any body will see the Author means here any merry modern Ladies comparing their private Perfections, whether as to broad-arch'd Fronts, the Quantity, Quality, and Length of their Tendrils.

⁴ This alludes to the same gay disposed Fair-ones, and doubtless must be understood as a Tryal of Skill who is the most active Man.

Then chaste ⁵ *Lucretia*---'Tween her Thighs

A wrigling, licking Lap-dog lies.

Æneas in a Grot with *Dido*,

Drawn to the Life---a rampant Widow.

A God in downright Act of Man,

Treading of *Leda* as a Swan.

A ⁶ *Messalina*, all bestrung

With Y---ds, you may imagine---long.

A ⁷ *Pasiphaë* crouching down

T'oblige a Bull o'th' neighb'ring Town.

Semiramis's lavish Prize:

Her Crown for one of Stallion Size.

Thalestris ⁸, very busy searching,

To raise her Belly for an Urchin,

Is

⁵ There needs no Comment here to shew this relates to our modern over-virtuous Ladies, who censure their Sex for Freedoms with the Men, and take more abominable ones with the Lap-dog Creation.

⁶ Any inordinate Lady.

⁷ Any Lady with a monstrous Appetite.

⁸ Any barren Lady that wants a Child, or any Lady that wants an Heir.

Is met i'th' nick by *Alexander*,
 Who fell aboard and boldly mann'd her.
 An *Abelard* in Man's Estate,
 Shewing his Matters thro' a Grate.
 A School of ⁹ Misses acting Farces :
Viz. Whipping one another's ****.
 A ¹⁰ Churchman with a modish Sinner
 Going in quest of last Day's Dinner.
 A Nun, together with a Prude,
 In wanton ¹¹ fingering Attitude.
 A Punk, her Hands and Legs not idle,
 Riding a ¹² Jew in a Curb-Bridle.
 A Templer stooping and a kissing
 Just as his *Chloe* is a p---g.

⁹ Any Set of Girls playing curious Pranks in a Nursery, &c.

¹⁰ Whether Protestant or Popish ; Cardinals, or Heads of Colleges.

¹¹ Another Instance of the secret Transactions of our pious censorious ones.

¹² Or any old Fellow with a depraved Appetite, having recourse to Stimulatives.

A strapping ¹³ *Teague* at *Scarboro'*,
 Wag'ring with a Horfe to shew;
 The Ladies raptur'd at the Joke,
 Courting and ogling for a Stroke.
 An *Ovid* using P---- for Pen,
 And pointing to his Sister *Behn*.
 The ¹⁴ Nymphs of *Murfius* in strong Chat,
 Rehearsing over This and That.
 Two courtly ¹⁵ Maids, one, t'other's Wooer,
 Driving with D---o buckled to her.
 Sir *Wary* with the *Kitten*---She
 With Bottom up---In C---m he.
 Queen ¹⁶ *Joan* upon her Back, just falling,
 Thrusting the golden skipping ¹⁷ Ball in;

Retaining

¹³ It would be affronting the Understandings of all that were last Season at *Scarborough* to explain the Deception any further, than that it occasion'd much Diversion to all the Company.

¹⁴ Or any Ladies on the luscious Topicks of a Wedding-Night.

¹⁵ Or any Ladies that are more afraid of the Consequences than of the Sin.

¹⁶ A falacious Queen of *Naples*, or any falacious Lady.

¹⁷ A leud Contrivance used by the *Chinese* Ladies, containing a certain Portion of Quicksilver, which the Heat of the Parts causes to vibrate, and give extraordinary Titillation.

Retaining the mercurial Treasure,
 Expiring then away with Pleasure.
Sampson, in whoring an old Stager,
 Swi---g Miss *Fertil* in a ¹⁸ *Major*.
¹⁹ *Sapho* contracting her wide Thing,
 And ²⁰ *Phaon* arm'd with *Chinese* Ring,
Italian Postures here and there:
 A ²¹ Leacher, and a flying Chair:
 With many more, by prime Hands all,
 Enough to stock twice *Windfor*-Hall.

HER Study next---The Books are these---
 And sure they cannot fail to please.
Cassandra, *Clelia*, *Pharamond*,
 Romances all, of which she's fond:

A

¹⁸ A new Invention to prevent Conception, and the Scandal of a big Belly.

¹⁹ Any debauch'd Virgin patching up her Maidenhead against Matrimony.

²⁰ Any young Fellow desirous to feel the *Polygon* of a flabby Woman of Quality.

²¹ Any leud Fellow trying Practices.

A Shelf of Novels---Two of Plays---
A Method how the Dead to raise---
A single Volume---Version *Creach's*---
And other two of amorous Speeches---
All *Farinelli's* *Airs* bewitching---
And newly wrote---The Art of St---g---
Ovid, with many others such---
His Art of Loving---fully'd much.
One *Rochester*, two *Aristotle's* ;
And in a Corner Cordial Bottles.
Of Billetdoux a mighty Store,
Strew'd very thick about the Floor,
From Swains a dying, and despairing,
And some to stab themselves a swearing.

WHAT more can heighten mortal Sense
Than all this soft Magnificence ?

The

The Cabinet o'erlooks a Grove,
 Of great Emolument to Love;
 The falling Stream, the winding Alley,
 Not less Provocatives to dally.

Chamyam, the Queen of this Recess,
 A Paradise, or little less:

Hither she often would retire,
 When none were suffer'd to come nigh her;
 Delighted here to pass her Hours,
 Fatigu'd with Visits, and with Wooers,

Be firm of Mind, ye Chaster Few;
 Behold the Goddess rise to view!

Her Helmet-cap with Jewels spangling;
 To Bodkins, Pearls, and Brilliants dangling:
 Her jetty Curls in artful Row,
 The gold and silver Flowers show.

But what exceedingly surprizes,
 A Peacock from the Top arises :
 Th' extended Wings, with beauteous Grace,
 O'ershade the Temples of her Face :
 The Tail majestic waves in Air,
 Which forms the *Capot* of the Fair.

YET howe'er gorgeous these display,
 All Ornaments to her give way :
 Her radiant Eyes---Her sable Curls---
 Surpass the Brilliants and the Pearls ;
 Her Cheeks a Softness does impart,
 That far exceeds the Painter's Art.

BUT feel the look, the flowing Robe,
 In manner of the Eastern Globe :
 A Gause of Pink and Silver, wove
 In Flourishings, and Tales of Love.

The

The wide, capacious, pendant Sleeves,
If unborne-up, the Ground receives!

SHE press'd the Sopha, all japan'd,
Around her snowy Neck her Hand,
Stroking with t'other, as ²² appears,
A long-hair'd Cat, with Lap-dog Ears.
A Jar of largest Size behind;
A Man might well be there confin'd;
And sure enough a Man it did;
The Mandarin, by *Pinkin* hid,
For Purposes I leave to guess,
As being needless to express!
You may be sure I say, her Mind
Was far from idle thus reclin'd.

All:

²² *Père du Halde*, in his *History of China*, mentions these sort of Cats; and says the *Chinese* Ladies make the same Use of them, as some of our fair *Europeans* do of Lap-dogs.

All languishing, supine the lay,
 Revolving over all that's gay:
 The Charms of Woman, and her Pow'r,
 From the Creation to that Hour;
 What Ravages! what Devastations!
 What Havock caus'd among the Nations!
 What Slaves they made of lordly Man!
 When sudden thus the Dame began.

THERE'S *Troy* was sack'd--Then *Hercules*
 The Distaff honour'd, all to please.
Leander sure was mighty fond,
 And hot to swim the Herring-Pond!
 Poor Thing! at last it was his Grave:
 His Winding-Sheet a briny Wave.
Philip's proud Son, the filthy King,
 Preferr'd his Glafs to any Thing:

But

But *Cæsar* match'd the World from *Tony*,
 While he was fooling with his Honey;
 Which proves it plain that we fair Lasses
 Make, when we will, Mankind our Affes.
 Shew me the Statesman, or the Stoic,
 The mightiest He for Deeds heroic,
 Whose Politics we can't outdo;
 Whose rigid Virtue not subdue;
 Or what were *Hectors* in their Armour,
 But Infants to a Female Charmer?
 Valour and Wisdom Man may boast,
 'Tis sov'reign Beauty rules the Roast:
 His haughty Claim concludes in this,
 He'll lose a World to gain a Kiss.

SEE! now her Breast is big to know,
 Whence such a strange Effect can flow?

G

Whence,

Whence, whence, says she, the mighty Cause?

Then after some few Minutes pause---

Thou wondrous Spell of real Magic!

Thou Author of the Comi-Tragic!

What art thou? what this secret Charm?

This universal Good and Harm?

I am alone---no better Time---

And where in Knowledge is the Crime?

We cannot know ourselves too well;

For so the ancient Sages tell.

A Mid-day Sun---Intense the Heat---

Just from the high Repast, replete---

The Books---the Paintings---all conspire

T' excite this new---this odd Desire.

In fine, her Fancy prompts too fee

The World's great *Primum Mobile*;

That

That Master-piece ! that Source of Passion !
That Thing ! that's never out of Fashion !

ON this she rose, and, with your leave,
Became, without more fuss, an *Eve* ;
Id est, she stript herself in Buff,
All to her Gown---you saw enough :
The jutting Hip---The heaving Breast---
The taper Thigh---with all the rest.

But what Emotion, 'twas he felt,
Who in the Jar impatient knelt,
Is better far supply'd by Thought :
Than can by fainter Words be wrote :

A broad gilt Sconce before she places,
Which in strong Light reflects her Graces :
One Leg a Table does support ;
The Finger opes the blissful Port :

Thee

The other Thigh she does expand,
 And grasps it with her idle Hand;
 The eager Eye, while thus display'd,
 Took-in the whole, the matchless Maid;
 But seem'd more nicely to survey
 The intricate and darksome Way;
 While underneath her favorite Cat--
 Was wond'ring what the Pair was at.

WHILE thus, who is it that could sleep?
 His Lordship ventures now to peep.
 The Scene strikes up a wild Amaze;
 His Soul does all in Transport blaze;
 Not like a *Joseph* he, unmov'd;
 But strait the lucky Hour improv'd.
 He burst his Prison, and the Floor
 Resounded with tremendous Roar.

He fiercely seiz'd her in Surprize,
Regardless of her Shrieks and Cries:
For all his Plagues himself repaid;
He bore her to th' adjacent Bed,
And what was done, need not be said.

F I N I S.



(22)

He hardly said her in surprise

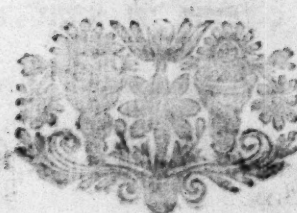
Regards of her Shirts

For all his Piques him

He bore her to the adjacent Bed

And what was done need not be said

F. P. W. I. S.



oh